

# Good Morning 343

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## "THE FAULT IS NOT IN OUR STARS"

EVERY man is haunted by a set of personal gremlins. They are his own faults, his worst enemies, flourishing on his defeats and thriving on his failures.

Many of these gremlins are so real that their existence is recognised in physical science.

Take the "Dead Weight Gremlin" as a typical criminal example. He sits like a dead weight on the beginning of all personal achievement.

He makes you shrug your shoulders and say, "What's the use?" Or he makes you sharpen your pencil, blow your nose, welcome any momentary distraction, because you're reluctant to tackle anything new.

PHYSICISTS refer to him as "initial inertia." The scientific law asserts that it takes more force to get an object moving than to keep it moving.

We can all recognise its validity. A motor-car starts in low gear because it takes more power to get started than to keep it going once it has started.

If this is the proven case with a piece of machinery, it is easy to see the dead weight of initial inertia we have to fight in ourselves.

Now you know why, before tackling something new, especially when it is outside your usual channels of thought and activity, you have to overcome an inexplicable repulsion and literally pull yourself up by your braces.

"You're overcoming the 'Dead Weight Gremlin.' Once you get started, plenty of forces rush to your aid, and the job in hand always proves easier than you thought it would be.

Don't you agree that recognising the power of the "Dead Weight Gremlin" is one of the best ways of beating him? Or will you now plead to yourself in extenuation, "It takes time to warm up?"

The truth is that Mr. Dead Weight has a brother gremlin, Mr. Fundamental Laziness. He is continually trying to make you identify your mind with your physical side, to make you put off

of people would never have known they had an inferiority complex—and it would be one idea less for them to fear and worry about.

When you come to think of it, inferiority is just a fear, a fear that grows bigger and bigger and more nightmarish just by thinking about itself.

I once knew a man with a water phobia. His fear of water was real and acute—and yet he learned to swim!

Every step in the conquest of fear—or inferiority—requires an effort of will. Perhaps you remember your first leap from a diving-board, how you plunged in with a terrific flop, and came up chagrined, and perhaps embarrassed.

Probably you persisted, continued to make awkward and painful dives—but finally went in smoothly and came up smiling.

You must do the things you fear. That is the psychology of gaining confidence in every phase of life, and there is no escape from this process.

Again and again we must plunge into the stream of life, whipping our own gremlins, conquering our faults. Do the thing you fear, and the death of fear is certain.

Even when you made a bad jump from the diving-board, you were subconsciously learning from it, and the ability to draw dividends from defeat is one of the factors that make for success.

In other words, you needn't be whacked by your faults. You can learn from them. You can use them and make them slaves to your progress.

You've generally got to swallow a few defeats before you can succeed, in fact, and this goes for making friends or making-out in a career.

The desire to dominate appears in the cradle. Let a baby

Dr. William Laing noted psychologist, to-day says with Shakespeare, "But in ourselves that we are underlings"

grasp a rod and try to pull it away, and he will cling more and more tightly.

This same fundamental reaction is a power in your favour. It gives you new strength every time you're defeated. And remember:

"The fault is not in our stars—but in ourselves."

### ODD QUOTES

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit . . . is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. Sydney Smith.

He gave way to the queer, savage feeling that sometimes takes by the throat a husband twenty years married, when he sees, across the table, the same face of his wedded wife, and knows that, as he has sat facing it, so must he continue to do until the day of its death or his own. Kipling.

You can always tell an old soldier by the inside of his holsters and cartridge boxes. The young ones carry pistols and cartridges: the old ones, grub. Bernard Shaw.

The only athletic sport I ever mastered was backgammon. Douglas Jerrold.



## Here's our answer to your letter A.B. JOHN STEWART

THERE'S a young lady waiting for a call from you, A.B. John Raymond Stewart; the exchange is Ealing, and the number six-seven-seven-one; the name is Miss Winifred Chapple.

When we called at Burnaby Gardens to see your mother, Miss Chapple was with her and helped out with the local gossip. Seems everyone at home is particularly fit and happy.

Sister Eileen, who has just celebrated her 15th birthday, is making good progress at the Post Office, and recently passed an important examination.

Alan Ladd is her particular boy friend, though her pen pals occupy most of her leisure hours. Of course, you know that she, too, is a swing fan. Soon she is hoping to take up dancing, with a view to cutting the rug with you when you get home.

Another surprise for you is a magnificent radiogram that is intended as a wedding gift from mother. When Miss Chapple calls round on Thursdays she sits down alongside it and plays your favourite tunes.

She tells us that you are a budding Bing and that the factory misses your vocal interludes. The John Bull locals, no doubt, will be glad to hear you again, too. Is it true that you have a broadcast system fixed in the boat for your crooning?

Remember the Jenkins family and Stan Wilkinson? They often ask about you, and have already laid the foundations for a homecoming party. There's Uncle Joe, too; he frequently makes inquiries from Sheffield.

Your father says he will be writing again soon, and adds that he's glad that at long last you are getting the papers and magazines he sends. Gather that you are a great letter-writer from the bundles of envelopes your mother produced. If they are all as long as the letter you wrote to us you should join our staff!

As a special request, Miss Chapple asks that we publish a picture of Susan Hayward, whom she thinks is your favourite. We have found a brand new photograph of her, and trust you like it. To

close the message, we'll let you in on a secret:

Everything for the wedding is fixed, all the uncles and aunts are arranging to get there, and your cousins in the A.T.S. are determined not to miss that big day. Mother has been storing fruit rations for months for the cake, and when that call comes she'll start stirring right away.

Here's to you and your future bride, John!

### SUSAN HAYWARD



## COME AROUND YOUR HOME TOWN

3rd SEA WAR. SHERIFF painter William John Udall—"Putty" to his shipmates in the Merchant Navy—who has served his country at sea in three wars, and is still seafaring at 73 years of age, was granted four days' special leave the other day.

He put on his best suit, caught a train from his home town of Southampton, to London, and joined a queue of men and women summoned to Buckingham Palace to receive awards for gallant and distinguished services.

"Putty" Udall received the B.E.M. for meritorious service.

During the South African war he served in troopships; in the last war he was in armed merchant cruisers; in this war he is serving in a famous liner carrying troops and stores to various theatres of war.

missed only two trips—and that was in order to be with his wife during illness.

"I hope to remain at sea until this war ends—if it doesn't last too long," he says.

### HOME AWAITS P.O.W.

WHILE he was a prisoner-of-war in Italy, before the "Eyeties" "packed up," Private James Elkins, of Southampton, wrote to Southampton Corporation asking if they could find him a Council house, so that he might have a home to come back to when the war ends.

The Housing Department has a big waiting list of applicants for Council houses, but Servicemen receive priority.

As a result, Mrs. Elkins and her children are now comfortably installed in a Council house awaiting the homecoming of the head of the house.

Private Elkins has written to the Corporation expressing his gratitude. His letter was written from Switzerland, where he is now interned after escaping from Italy.

### NAVY CHURCH.

TWELVE men of the crew of H.M.S. Norfolk were confirmed recently at a cathedral in a North-East port.

Nearly all the shipmates attended the cathedral for the service, including the captain of the ship, Capt. D. Bain.

The Chaplain, Kenneth Mathews, had been preparing them for the event in the ship's own chapel, but this was completely wrecked in the battle.

The men had built this chapel themselves, and, although the altar was the only thing undamaged, they intend building another.

## World's only "Rubber Mining" Job, says Ron Richards

ON October 12, 1941, thirty buildings went up in flames in Fall River, Massachusetts, and with them 10 per cent. of America's entire supply of raw rubber. It wasn't long before the Japs had underscored this catastrophe by seizing the world's major rubber sources.

By then, however, a remarkable mining operation

was under way to salvage some of the fire-buried treasure. To-day much of it is already on the treads of tanks in the Egyptian desert, and in the tyres of planes battling the Axis in the Near and Far East.

The blaze took place at the Firestone Rubber and Latex Products Company's Fall River plant. Just sixteen days after it struck, rescue efforts had been agreed on by Firestone, the fire insurance firms involved, and the Government's Rubber Reserve Corporation.

Assigned to the job was the Underwriters Salvage Company, an organisation maintained by fire insurance companies to pick up after conflagrations. Underwriters Salvage had been called upon to reclaim everything, from saddle soap to fine laces. But this project shaped up as perhaps the toughest of all, and certainly the most vital.

The scene was like pictures of London during the worst Luftwaffe raids. Some 18,000 tons of crude rubber were buried beneath great masses of bricks, granite blocks and other debris. The only rubber actually in sight was a spongy blanket which had flowed across streets near the warehouses.

First it was necessary to tear down what remained of the walls and to remove layers of charred wreckage. All told,

500 truck-loads were cleared away. Then a procedure very similar to strip mining was worked out, with seven large steam shovels biting chunks out of the huge masses of rubber.

A dozen large trucks hauled it away to be shipped to rubber manufacturers for reprocessing. Before that, however, the debris which had become imbedded in the heat-softened rubber had to be extracted. To do this, an apparatus was installed which blew the dirt and muck off by live steam at 200 pounds pressure. A crew of sixty-five men, operating in three shifts, worked all winter, spring and summer on this "steam laundry."

In September the job was finished with 10,000 tons reclaimed.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



## THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas  
PART 6

WHILST the clamour of the crowd in the square of the Buitenhof, which grew more and more menacing against the two brothers, determined John De Witte to hasten the departure of his brother Cornelius, a deputation of burghers had gone to the Town Hall to demand the withdrawal of Tilly's horse.

It was not far from the Buitenhof to Hoogstraat (High Street), and a stranger, who since the beginning of this scene had watched all its incidents with intense interest, was seen to wend his way with, or rather in the wake of, the others towards the Town Hall, to hear, as soon as possible, the current news of the hour.

This stranger was a very young man, of scarcely twenty-two or three, with nothing about him that bespoke any great energy. He evidently had his good reasons for not making himself known, as he hid his face in a handkerchief of fine Frisian linen, with which he incessantly wiped his brow or his burning lips.

With an eye keen like that of a bird of prey, with a long, aquiline nose, a finely cut mouth, which he generally kept open, or rather, which was gaping like the edges of a wound; this man would have presented to Lavater, if Lava-

ter had lived at that time, a subject for physiognomical observations, which at the first blush would not have been very favourable to the person in question.

"What difference is there between the figure of the conqueror and that of the pirate?" said the ancients. The difference only between the eagle and the vulture: serenity or restlessness.

### USELESS EUSTACE



"Strewth, Nobby!—hic!—'alf past twelve. What will the sergeant say?"

And, indeed, the fallow physiognomy, the thin and sickly body, and the prowling ways of the stranger were the very type of a suspecting master or an unquiet thief; and a police officer would certainly have decided in favour of the latter supposition, on account of the great care which the mysterious person evidently took to hide himself.

He was plainly dressed, and apparently unarmed; his arm was lean, but wiry; and his hands dry, but of aristocratic whiteness and delicacy, and he leaned on the shoulder of an officer, who, with his hand on his sword, had watched the scenes in the Buitenhof with eager curiosity, very natural in a military man, until his companion drew him away with him.

On arriving at the square of the Hoogstraat, the man with the fallow face pushed the other behind an open shutter, from which corner he himself began to survey the balcony of the Town Hall.

At the savage yells of the mob the window of the Town Hall opened, and a man came forth to address the people. "Who is that on the bal-

cony?" asked the young man, glancing at the orator.

"It is the deputy Bowelt," replied the officer.

"What sort of man is he? Do you know anything of him?"

"An honest man; at least, I believe so, Monseigneur."

Hearing this character given of Bowelt, the young man showed signs of such a strange disappointment and evident dissatisfaction that the officer could not but remark it, and therefore added:

"At least, people say so, Monseigneur. I cannot say anything about it myself, as I have no personal acquaintance with Mynheer Bowelt."

"he will give to the demand of these furibund petitioners a very queer reception."

The nervous quiver of his hand, which moved on the shoulder of his companion, as the fingers of a player on the keys of a harpsichord, betrayed his burning impatience, so ill concealed at certain times, and particularly at that moment, under the icy and sombre expression of his face.

The chief of the deputation of the burghers was then heard addressing an interpellation to Mynheer Bowelt, whom he requested to let them know where the other deputies, his colleagues, were.

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



### SHE IS A CHARMER.

Frankly, we haven't a name for the musical instrument, but we have a name for the girl. She lives in Bengal, India, she is a great musician, and she paints her toe-nails red. They do say that she can charm snakes and things with the thing. So—because we won't tell her name—you can call her a Charmer, and you won't be far wrong.

"Well," the young man muttered half to himself and half to his companion, "let us wait and we shall soon see."

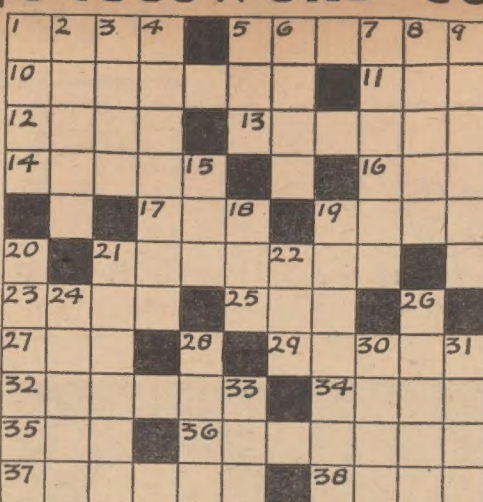
The officer bowed his head in token of his assent and was silent.

"If this Bowelt is an honest man," His Highness continued,

"Gentlemen," Bowelt repeated for the second time, "I assure you that in this moment I am here alone with Mynheer d'Asperen, and I cannot take any resolution on my own responsibility."

"The order! We want the

## CROSSWORD CORNER



**CLUES ACROSS.**  
1 Healing influence.  
5 Writing implement.  
10 Helped.  
11 Difficulty.  
12 Cereal.  
13 Colling device.  
14 Tramped.  
16 Welsh boy.  
17 Strange.  
19 Knowledgeable.  
21 Fruit.  
23 Bad.  
25 Cooking utensil.  
27 Cover.  
29 Assault.  
32 Paying guest.  
34 Wander.  
35 Drink.  
36 Edging plant.  
37 Remain bitter.  
38 Escritoire.

**FRY, BERET, C**  
LOOSE, EVADE  
UNDO, PILED  
DELTA, DOME  
TOLL, SCENES  
U, YUKON, A  
RIM, NETTING  
PRESIDE, EEL  
SILAS, RE, DO  
SEMOLINA, R  
SHEEN, EDIFY

### CLUES DOWN.

1 Famous composer. 2 Shun. 3 Bird. 4 Coal. 5 Seat. 6 Prepare copy. 7 Water larva. 8 Notions. 9 Parrot-like birds. 15 Colour. 18 Chart. 19 Irrigated. 20 Wine stock. 21 Commanded. 22 Colloquial head. 24 Garden flower. 26 Notable Ben. 28 Satisfactorily. 30 Fish. 31 Timber. 33 Eggs.

order!" cried several thousand voices.

Mynheer Bowelt wished to speak, but his words were not heard, and he was only seen moving his arms in all sorts of gestures, which plainly showed that he felt his position to be desperate. When at last he saw that he could not make himself heard, he turned round towards the open window and called Mynheer d'Asperen.

The latter gentleman now made his appearance on the balcony, where he was sal-

uted with shouts, even more energetic than those with which, ten minutes before, his colleague had been received.

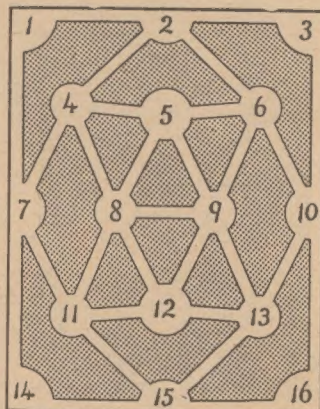
This did not prevent him from undertaking the difficult task of haranguing the mob; but the mob preferred forcing the guard of the States—which, however, offered no resistance to the sovereign people to listening to the speech of Mynheer d'Asperen.

(To be continued)

### GARDEN TOUR

This is a garden in which the flower-beds are separated by paths, the 16 junctions of the paths being numbered. There are many ways of walking along all the paths once each only by a circuitous route, but it so happens that in all of them you must start and finish at the same two path junctions. What are their numbers?

A good way to do this puzzle is to draw the pattern made by the paths on a piece of paper without lifting your pencil of traversing the same lines twice. Everything depends on starting at the right point.



(Answer in No. 344)

## QUIZ for today

1. A fitchew is a sneeze, weed, dance, polecat, Russian hat, male witch?
2. Who wrote (a) Margaret Ogilvy, (b) Captain Margaret?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Daylight, Starlight, Moonlight, Gaslight, Sunlight?
4. How many active volcanoes are there on the mainland of Europe?
5. In what game is a left-handed player forbidden by the rules?
6. Who invented the tote system of betting, and when?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Thermal, Therapeutic, Theorbo, Theban, Theism, Tendency?
8. What is borch?
9. What admiral gave the signal to which Nelson turned his blind eye?
10. What is sheep's fescue?
11. What is the capital of Latvia?
12. How many wild flowers can you think of whose names begin with V?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 342

1. Parsnip.
2. (a) D. H. Lawrence, (b) Ford M. Ford.
3. Bittern is a bird; others are musical instruments.
4. Sir Arnold Bax, Mus. Doc. 5. 39.
6. Nine feet.
7. Walrus, Wapiti.
8. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester.
9. Mr. Hudson.
10. Monday.
11. Harold and William Rufus.
12. Zachariah, Zebedee, Zadok.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between Sunrise and Sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

Horace Mann  
(1796-1859).

## WANGLING WORDS—291

1. Put a hotel in GUESS and get a drink.
2. In the following proverb both the letters and the words have been shuffled. What is it?—Stew 'shome steb seat.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change CAT into DOG and then back into CAT again, without using the same word twice.
4. Give a very common word containing only one vowel and seven consonants. The vowel is E, and the consonants are arranged thus: \* \* \* E \* \* \* \*

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 290

1. ApollyON.
2. There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
3. BONE, bond, bend, bead, beat, MEAT, moat, doat, dont, done, BONE.
4. Incomprehensibility.

## JANE





## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



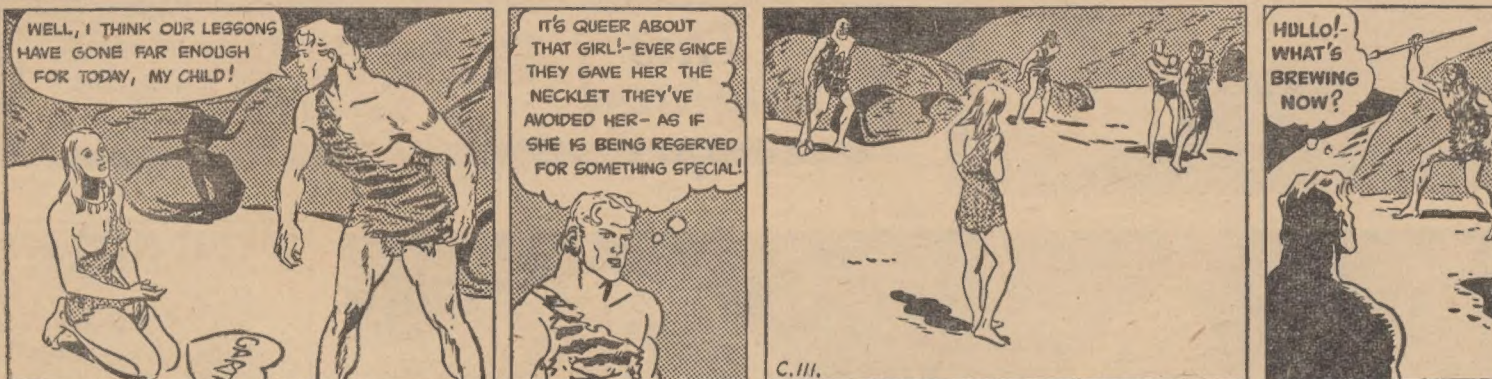
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# Lisping in round numbers

By J. M. Michaelson

MR. CHURCHILL complained in Parliament not long ago that he could never remember "those damned dots," referring to the decimal points that crop up so often in statistics. At least he was frank!

Nowadays, when every argument is spiced with figures, the weakness of the great majority of people for "round numbers" is very apparent. Putting in "round numbers" is a human habit, and whether they are made less or more than the actual figures depends upon prejudice, habit, and what impression we seek to make!

"Round numbers" are the multiples of five, with a strong preference for the multiples of ten. The habit of using them arose in primitive times, when counting was based upon the number of our fingers and toes.

These "round numbers" are as much a habit in Britain, where the decimal system is not used, as in countries where almost everything is measured in tens.

Census officials expect to find an abnormal number of men and women in the 30 and 40 age-groups. The 29s, 31s, 39s and 41s are only too apt to put themselves down as 30 or 40.

Ask someone how old is a mutual friend, and, unless he has good reason to know the exact answer, he will reply, "Oh, forty." Sometimes the reply may be 35, 45, 55, but generally it is a multiple of ten.

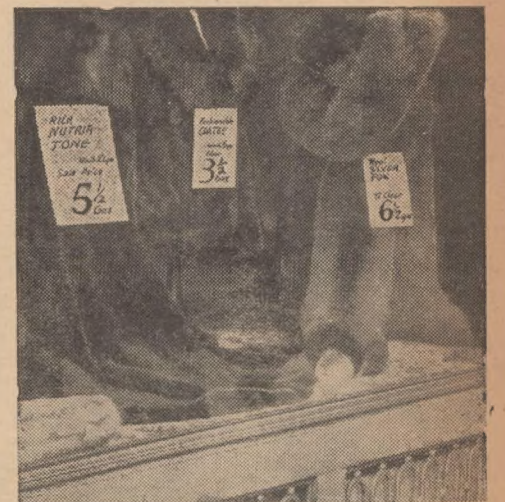
The slogan, "Too old at forty," embodies this prejudice for round numbers. "Too old at 39" or "Too old at 41" would sound ridiculous.

I recently asked a dozen people in varying walks of life how many divisions the Germans had in Italy. Five replied 20, another five 30, one 25, and only one gave a figure which was not a round number!

Our love of round numbers makes us easy victims in an argument. Suppose, to take an imaginary case, the number of persons known to have died of starvation in the last year is 123. In a debate, one speaker might say that the number is "only about a hundred." Another could say it "greatly exceeds 100," or even "that it is approaching 200." The little words "more than," "only," "nearly," and "less" can work wonders in colouring the impression we get of a round number, which itself is only an approximation!

One of the ways in which our habit of thinking in round numbers shows itself is in the sentences given by judges. Five years, ten years, fifteen years and twenty years' penal servitude are common.

But how often do you hear of a sentence of 11 years or 13 years or eight years? Yet there must be degrees of guilt between those meriting 10 years and those meriting 15 years. Seven years is more frequent than six or eight years, for seven is a magic number, almost as attractive to the mind as a round one.



Control and purchase tax have done something to break up the pricing of articles in round numbers. Before the war, a man's suit or an overcoat was almost invariably priced in round numbers of guineas. Very few of us stopped to ask what miracle always made the cost of the materials and labour plus a given percentage of profit always work out at an exact number of guineas.

Women were evidently considered shrewder shoppers, for articles intended to appeal to them were generally priced at something less than the round sum. The difference of sixpence makes £3 19s. 6d. look appreciably less than £4.

If, however, we pointed out this illusion to them, they might retort that few men, until they came to pay it, realised that an overcoat priced at 7½ guineas was only half-a-crown less than £8!

The real danger of thinking in round numbers is the temptation to choose the round number above or below the actual figure, according to whether we wish to exaggerate or minimise.

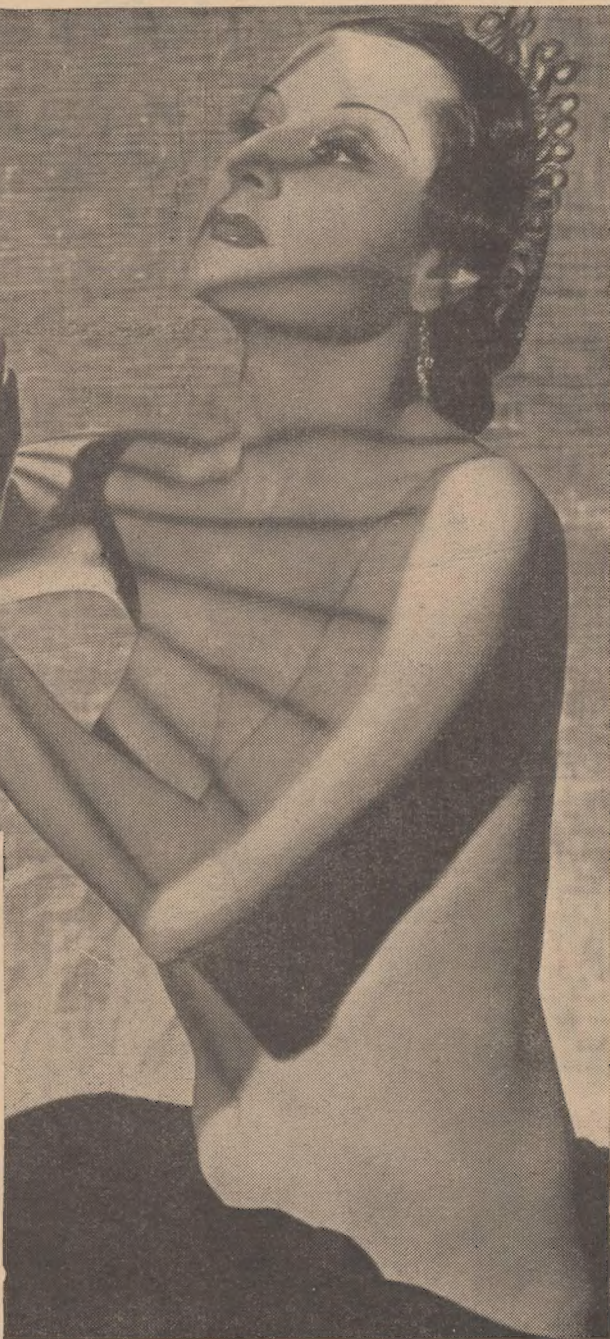
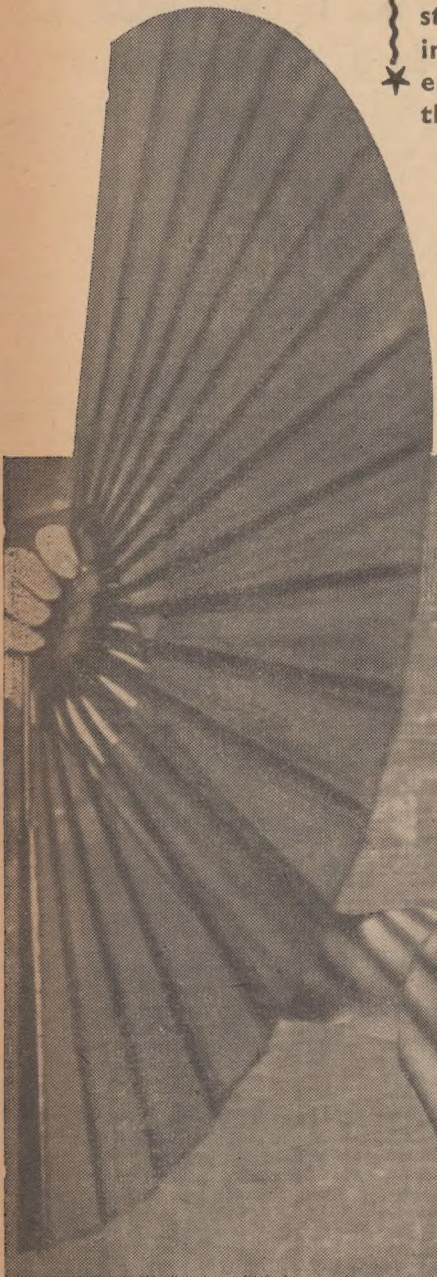


**Good  
Morning**

LYA,  
London  
"Windmill"  
star turn tell-  
ing the audi-  
ence to "Lay  
that Pistol  
down."  
★



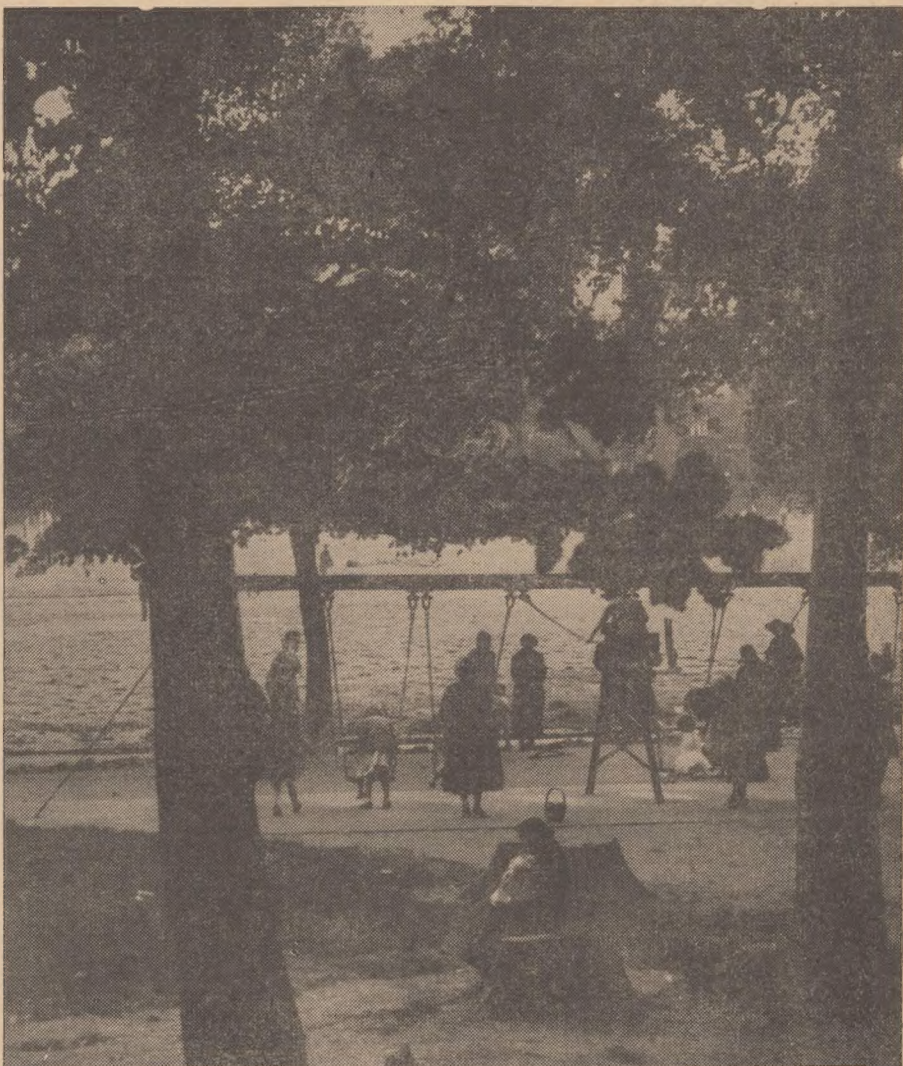
"Well, of course we've got to laugh, what with Pay-as-you-Earn, philosophical troubles, and everything else that beset you big boys."



ONLY 10oz., BUT  
★ WORTH FIFTY QUID ★



He's fed better than a lot of  
kids.



**This  
England** They try their best even in our big  
cities. This is Encliffe Woods, one  
of Sheffield's "Lungs."



"What! You can't be talking about us. Our mother feeds us."

**OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**

